



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XII—NO. 35.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1800.

WHOLE NO. 609.

## EDRIC OF THE FOREST.

A ROMANCE.

In humblest, simplest habit clad,  
Nor wealth, nor power had he;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had;  
But these were all to me.

HIS person was well formed, tall, and elegant; his manners graceful, and countenance lovely; the bright rays of intellectual spirit shone from his large hazel eyes, and beamed with benevolence, truth, and honor. Such were the endowments of Edric the Orphan, when received into the family of Lord Dunferne, a dependant upon the Earl's bounty; and while his soul revolted against the state of dependance he was submitting to live in, love, gratitude, and his native sweetness of disposition, prevented his departure from the Castle.

It had been his fortune, while fishing one day in his early years, to save the life of the Lady Eleanor, who, passing incautiously over the natural bridge that was formed by interwoven branches of trees across the brook, missed her footing, and was plunged into the stream. Edric bore her from the water to Dunferne Castle, where, from that period, he became a welcome visitant. The death of his father, an aged peasant, now threw Edric upon the wide world, at the tender, inexperienced age of fifteen. The Earl, reminding of his former service, offered his protection; an offer which the grateful tenderness of Lady Eleanor induced him to accept, and he became an inmate of the Castle.

Previous to his death, Walter, the peasant, gave into the hands of Edric a small dirk, the hilt of which was embossed in a curious manner. "My dear boy," said he, throwing his feeble arms around him, "this is all I have to bequest you:—pray Heaven you may never make use of it for the dreadful purpose by which it came into my possession. Edric, you are not my son! Years have dissolved all my tender connections, and the remnant of my days were devoted to this solitude, when chance threw you in my way. Wandering one day through the deepest recesses of a neighboring forest, I heard a faint cry of distress. As I never walked unarmed, I hastened, without apprehension, to the spot, and found a soldier of no mean appearance, yet with the ferocity of the most savage ruffian, piercing the helpless bosom of an infant with this dirk. I instantly fired; the wretch fell; and snatching the child, weltering as it was in blood, from the ground, fled with it to my hut. By applying healing herbs I soon mitigated the anguish of the wound, and had the happiness to see a fine boy thrive beneath my care. Need I say my Edric lived to repay me for the trifling trouble, by his tender, his affectionate attentions!"

The youth, affected, fell on the bosom of his more than father, and sobbed his thanks. The old man continued—

"Nature shudders to repeat the misdeeds I formed. The mystery of your fate is yet unravelled, and it will be most prudent in you to avoid an investigation, which Providence, for the wisest purposes, may endeavor to conceal. This dirk, and the deep fear you still bear upon your breast,

may one day discover you to your parents: till then, the blessing of an old man hovers over you. Persevere in the paths of virtue, and you will one day receive your reward."

He sighed deeply, and, falling back on his pillow, expired.—In the sincerity of undissembled grief, Edric mourned his loss; but the greeting smiles of Lady Eleanor, after a while, dispersed his melancholy reflections, and the kindness of the Earl soothed him to tranquility. The refined manners of the former tempered the wild hardness he had acquired in secluded education, and the Earl's fund of knowledge, literary and practical, was imparted to the wondering Edric, who found a new world of science burst upon him at once; yet his emulation increased in proportion to the difficulties that seemed likely to obstruct his progress; and the Earl found it much easier to excite ardor in a sensible mind, than to repress it when excited. In proportion as his understanding expanded, his impatience of dependance increased, and one only consideration detained him at the Castle; this was a passion, which had daily acquired additional force in his mind, for the beautiful Lady Eleanor, and which was returned on her side with equal warmth, kindled by gratitude, and cherished by the merit of the object of her heart. The Earl perceived it, and condemned his own want of caution for mutually exposing them to the dangerous society of each other. His niece was scarce less dear to him than his orphan protegee; but a fatal promise obliged him to frustrate all their enthusiastic and romantic dreams of happiness. He sent for the youth, and extending his hand to him, while tears of tenderness started to his eyes, he told him he must no longer consider Dunferne Castle as his home. "I know," he continued, "you love my Eleanor; and it pains me to state the objection I am unwillingly forced to make. Her father, the Baron Villyency, was a man of high pride and ancestry. At his death he committed this child to my care, with a solemn injunction never to unite her fate with one of inferior rank or fortune. This promise I must fulfil; but my Edric shall not be abandoned: she owes you her life, and it would be but a poor return to send you an outcast from those gates which have so long, to the satisfaction of their owner, inclosed you. Your country calls for your services: I will send you out a soldier of fortune, and heaven send your arm may be successful, when raised in defence of virtue."

Edric stood some time mute with astonishment, grief, and indignation. At length he replied—"My Lord, your words have cut me to the soul; they seem to reproach me with a treachery, which I would abhor. I own, hitherto ignorant of your engagements, and unthinking of the distinction fortune has made between us, I have dared aspire to the lovely Eleanor, as the only blessing this world could afford:—that denied me, I scorn all further aid. I am not a mercenary; no bribe could tempt me to act otherwise than my innate sense of rectitude directs, or make me more assiduous in the performance of my duty. I am already more your debtor than I can support, and the weight of accumulated obligation presses heavily upon my spirits. I will depart, my Lord.

Suffer me only one farewell view of her I must ever adore, and I bid adieu to Dunferne Castle forever."

Lord Dunferne embraced him tenderly; and felt himself unable to oppose any of his resolutions: he granted his request, and at the feet of Eleanor, Edric poured forth his uninterrupted vows of unshaken fidelity, which were reiterated by her, who vowed to live for him alone. The interview becoming at length too painful on all sides, they were obliged to part. Edric buckled on his dirk, and after being prevailed on to accept a sword of considerable value, from the armory of the Earl, departed.

He wandered to the borders, and was readily received a volunteer into the forces of Sir John Cope, who had then the command of a large body, attempting to subdue the Scottish rebels, who, in the year 1745, gave England so much alarm. He signalized himself with the greatest bravery in several skirmishes, when the unfortunate defeat of the forces, in which that brave commander lost his life, threatened him with a similar fate. He fought with a desperation that baffled all the efforts of the enemy to subdue him; till, exhausted by fatigue and want of rest, he sunk, insensible to all around him, upon the earth, and was left for dead among the slain. A lethargic stupor succeeded his fainting fit, from which he awoke refreshed, but weak and famished. The shades of night were falling fast, and he roused himself to escape from such a scene of horror as was presented to his opening eyes. His clothes were wet with the blood of those who had fallen beside him, and the groans of the dying were heard from every corner of this desolated spot.

A light, glimmering through some distant trees, kindled a faint ray of hope in his cheerless breast, and as well as his feeble strength would admit, he crawled towards it. Upon a nearer approach, he found it proceeded from the turrets of a Castle; but the darkness of the night deceived him, and made the distance appear much less than it was in reality.—Knowing his life depended upon his reaching the destined spot, he exerted himself to the utmost, and arrived at the gates just as he felt a cold faintness come over him, and he had but just time to sound the large bell ere he relapsed into insensibility. Upon reviving, he found himself in a magnificent bed, surrounded by a number of well-dressed domestics, who attended him with the utmost assiduity.

As soon as he was a little recovered from his extreme illness, Edric begged to be acquainted with the name of his hospitable entertainer, and learned from the servants that he was now in the Castle of the Baron Waldeck, a foreigner of distinction, who had resided for many years in a remote Castle in Cumberland. An ill state of health under which the Baron labored, hitherto prevented his personal attendance, but hoped soon the amendment of the invalid would give him an opportunity of making his congratulations. Edric longed impatiently to be introduced to one, who had with so much politeness discharged the offices of humanity; and, as soon as returning convalescence permitted, waited on the Baron in his apartment.



Upon being first conducted into the room, Waldeck half arose, but the debilitated state of his limbs obliged him again to recline himself, and he pointed, with an air of complacency, to a chair beside his own. His countenance was pale and emaciated, but his features were regular, and possessed a look of mild benevolence, suffering under an accumulation of misfortune, that strongly interested Edric, whose sympathizing heart was ever open to distress. This first interview was so mutually pleasing, that they agreed frequently to repeat it; and in a short time they became most intimate friends. The Baron expressing some curiosity concerning him, Edric, as far as he could with prudence, gratified him; and Waldeck, in his turn, seemed desirous to place a reciprocal confidence in him.

"The present infirmities I labor under," said he to him, one day, "are not those incident to age, or an impaired constitution; they are the effects of acute sufferings; miseries that admit of no alleviation-----." He paused, and sighed; then continued---"This spot is endeared to me by a variety of tender recollections, yet I have not resolution to abandon it, though environed by injustice and unmerited ignominy. I am persecuted by unknown malice, and the most heinous crimes are imputed to me by calumniators, with whom I am now, and shall probably ever remain, unacquainted."

Thus encouraged, Edric urged to be further acquainted with the story of his new friend. The Baron grasped his hand---"Spare me," he cried, "a recital so painful to my feelings---yet you may essentially serve me, if you are so willing---have you courage?"---Edric blushed at this unseemly question, but replied, with firmness---"If you have any occasion for my services, I think I may promise you shall never find me deficient."

"You may, probably, defy mortal prowess," said Waldeck; "but are you so wholly divested of weak prejudices as to dare to cope with supernatural powers?"

Edric, unacquainted with superstition, otherwise than by name, readily assented to do whatever he might deem necessary; at the same time a faint doubt arose in his mind, that some treachery might be intended: yet the apparent openness of the Baron, and the consciousness of his own insignificance, soon eradicated all his scruples; and the hope of benefiting one who had been so generous towards him, soon determined him, and he renewed his offers of assistance with increasing warmth.

"You have to learn, then," said the Baron, "that the left wing of the Castle is reported to be haunted; noises and uncommon appearances have certainly been witnessed by my servants; in consequence of which, and some domestic troubles, my reputation has been materially injured. I have myself watched repeatedly at night, but never been able to discover any thing satisfactory; and however contrary to my judgment, I am obliged to coincide in the general opinion. I labor under a stigma the most distressing to a mind really innocent, and am almost inclined to wish for death as a relief to my unmerited misfortune."

[To be continued.]

#### THE FOLLY OF INGRATITUDE.

AN EASTERN ANECDOTE.

NO benefit can accrue from any good offices rendered to the ungrateful: a melancholy consideration, but not more melancholy than true, as the following anecdote will aptly illustrate.

A King of Mandoa, in Indostan, having fallen into a river, one of his slaves generously swam to his relief, seized him by the hair of his head, and rescued him from the jaws of death. No sooner had the Sovereign recovered, than he demanded the name of the person who had dragged him out of the water. The slave, to whom he was so much obliged, was accordingly pointed out to him, and it was universally supposed that he would receive a recompense from the Prince adequate to the importance of the service he had rendered him. On the contrary, however, the King sternly demanded of him, why he had dared to put his hand upon the head of his Sovereign?---and gave orders for his instant death.

Some time after, the same Monarch, being seated upon the edge of a boat, intoxicated, by the side of one of his women, again fell into the water. The woman might easily have saved him; but, thinking the service too dangerous, she suffered him to perish, giving for excuse---"That she had not yet forgotten the cruel fate of the slave!"

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### SONNET.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

NIGHT, sad and solemn, spreads her deep wove veil,  
While all forget the Day's rude toil in sleep,  
But from sad Sorrow say what pow'rs can steal  
The poignant woes that e'en in vision weep?

The deep-torn breast that nourishes despair,  
On the dim eye that wept too long in vain;  
The heart that trembl'd o'er each bitter care,  
Can only Horror's icy pangs retain.

Soft Spring in vain her rosy charms diffuse,  
Not all her harmony can bring relief;  
When can the wretch oppress'd by anguish, lose  
The fatal memory of heart-felt grief.

Yet Death a shelter lends, and in the urn  
Soft peace shall bloom, and quiet may return.

ANGELINA.

#### LINES,

Occasioned by hearing the account of SUWARROW's death contradicted.

GRIEF to the world---O Fame, thy lying sounds  
Have brought deceitful tidings to our ears,  
SUWARROW lives! inflict more dreadful wounds,  
And cause more orphans' cries and widows' tears.

Could DEATH avert stern Nature's dire decree,  
And spare one mortal of the human race,  
That man, SUWARROW! would be surely thee,  
As best deserving of the partial grace.

DEATH and SUWARROW in dread league combin'd  
Have serv'd each other with an ardent zeal;  
While DEATH by famine, has on hundreds din'd,  
SUWARROW sent him thousands at a meal.

But lo! the period of his mad'ning rage,  
Draws swiftly nigh---no more a weeping land  
In war unequal with his hordes engage,  
Nor ask in vain compassion at his hand.

His madd'ning fashions drench'd with human gore,  
Who dealt instruction from his blood-stain'd arm,  
And hurl'd dread vengeance, it shall wield no more,  
Nor fill the soul with terrors' wild alarm.

Lo, the bright dawn of Gospel grace draws nigh,  
Bursting the darkest cloud of human woe,  
Earth's weeping sons shall cease the heaving sigh,  
When MAN no longer is to MAN a foe.

Then fwords and spears shall be to plough shares turn'd,  
And savage natures' change their fell designs;  
No more shall Virtue by mankind be spurn'd,  
Nor proud Ambition fill a world with crimes.

#### ON CALUMNY.

BURNT be the piece, forgot the author's name,  
That dares to hurt a good man's honest fame;  
Alarms the virtuous breast with causeless fear,  
"Or draws from innocence a single tear;"  
Whose poisonous rage invents the dire disgrace,  
And spreads the blush upon the modest face.  
What tho' with flow'ry words the lines be fraught,  
With keenest wit, and finest turn of thought;  
What though, the reader's nicer ear to sooth,  
Well tun'd the pause, the number soft and smooth;  
Thus, dip't in oil, the polish'd razor's found,  
With greater ease to give the deeper wound.

#### SONNET.

BLITHE sings the sailor, as he rows along,  
And heeds not, as he sings, the slavish toil---  
Blithe at his work the ploughman tunes his song,  
And, singing, parts with ease the yielding soil:

The lonely captive, in his grated tower,  
Sooths with soft song and sweet, confinement's stings;  
The reaper o'er the new-bound wheat sheaf sings,  
And, singing, heeds not noontide's sultry hour.

Blithe sings the dusky smith at peep of day,  
And, blithsome as he tunes the jocund strain,  
To wield his wondrous hammer seems but play.  
So I, to soothe the torturing pangs of pain,  
Which Fortune sometimes, sometimes Love may bring,  
To calm those woes, and not for fame, I sing.

#### POPE SIXTUS THE FIFTH

FEW men experienced a greater revolution of fortune than the celebrated Pope Sixtus the Fifth. He was, according to a learned historian who has described his character, originally a swine herd, and upon his first arrival in Rome was so completely destitute of the means of existence, as to be obliged to support himself by soliciting alms. Having one day been rather more fortunate than ordinary, he was observed by a tradesman in a thoughtful posture, apparently deliberating upon a matter of importance; the man, from an impulse of kindness and curiosity, enquired into the subject that occupied his thoughts, apologizing for the freedom by saying---that his countenance had exhibited so much anxiety, that benevolence induced him to wish to remove it.

Sixtus frankly, but facetiously, told him that he was debating with himself, whether he should employ the few pieces of silver, of which he was in possession, in the purchase of a covering for his ten toes (of which he was greatly in need), or in satisfying his appetite, which was craving with hunger. The generous tradesman decided the perplexity, by inviting Sixtus home to dine, who, when arrived at the height of Papal dignity, was not forgetful of that proof of kindness.

When fortune had so far elevated Sixtus as to enable him to look forward to the Papal Throne, he obtained the dignity to which he aspired by the most deep-laid manœuvre of artifice and deception, which he practised successfully for fifteen years. He counterfeited extreme debility and infirm old age with such inimitable dexterity, that it was impossible for the most sagacious observer to detect the imposture; and during the Conclave, which was assembled to create a Pope, he constantly leaned upon his crutch, and frequently interrupted the sage deliberations of the Conclave by a hallow cough and affected infirmity. This politic, though deep design, completely answered the inventor's wishes; for the Cardinals thought that, by electing Sixtus (whom they unanimously believed could not long survive), each had a chance of becoming his successor, and he was immediately chosen without any dissenting voice. Immediately after the election was concluded, the new Pope performed a MIRACLE---his legs became vigorous; his body, which before had been bent and curved, suddenly acquired agility and erection; his cough was dissipated; and his whole person underwent a most complete and astonishing metamorphosis.

#### THE FEMALE SEX DESCRIBED BY ST. PIERRE.

AH! how little acquainted are they with the laws of Nature, who, in their opinion of the two sexes, look for nothing further than the pleasures of sense! They are only culling the flowers of life, without once tasting its fruit. The fair sex!---that is the phrase of our men of pleasure; women are known by them under no other idea. But the sex is fair only to persons who have no other faculty except that of eye-sight. Besides this, it is the cherishing sex, which suckles man, and cherishes him in infancy. It is the pious sex, which conducts him to the altar while he is yet a child, and teaches him to draw in, with milk of the breast, the love of religion, which the cruel policy of men would frequently render odious to him. It is the pacific sex, which sheds not the blood of a fellow-creature; the sympathizing sex, which ministers to the sick, and handles without hurting them!

#### MONEY.

THE value of money has astonishingly depreciated within the compass of a few of the last centuries. What would, at this day scarcely support a gentleman a fortnight, was deemed in the fifteenth century, a liberal stipend for a celebrated professor of a university. During the presidency of Boethius, at Aberdeen, a few hundred years since, about two pounds four shillings and six pence of sterling money, was the whole of his annual salary, a sum now not sufficient, with all the rigid economy of a Regent, to eke out the existence of a poor invalid at a hospital. This sum is mentioned, in Johnson's tour to the Hebrides as not only "equal to the needs but to the rank of Boethius." He adds, that Henry the eighth, actuated by a spirit of munificence, granted to Roger Ascham, a pension of ten pounds a year. With respect to the former, he observes that "it is difficult even for the imagination to raise the value of money, or to diminish the demands of life, as to suppose four and forty shillings a year, an honorable stipend."



SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1800.

#### PUBLIC OFFICES.

The following Public Offices are removed from Philadelphia:

Office of the Secretary of State.  
Secretary of War.  
Secretary of the Navy, and  
General Post Office.

Letters and Newspapers must in future be directed to the respective Offices at the City of Washington.

In the Court of Vice Admiralty at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, the ship Charlotte, belonging to Brothers, Collier & Co. and the ship Warren, belonging to Messrs. John Murray and Son, of this city, were lately condemned, vessel and cargo.

On the second day of May last the British armed brig Swallow, Stephen Boudett master, sailed from this port to Martinique. After being out 19 days, on the 21st May, in lat. 24. 4. N. long. 61. 48. W. without any of the customary appearances of a squall, there came on a sudden gull of wind from the eastward, which upset the vessel. Every endeavor to right her proved abortive. One of the boats was blown to pieces; the other was fortunately cleared, and six persons (consisting of the captain, mate, and 4 of the crew) got into her. They remained all that night by the wreck; and the next morning, finding the brig had sunk low in the water, and having no hopes of saving those left on the wreck (the boat being too small to carry any more) they pushed off without water or provisions, and with no other guide than the sun and stars. In this situation they drifted 9 days on the ocean, and during the whole of that time received no other sustenance than their own urine and the water of the sea. A dog belonging to the brig, who had swam to the boat and who was humanely received into it, was killed in a few days afterwards for food; but their appetite recoiled from such a substitute, and none of the unfortunate people could eat of him. They were at this time almost under a vertical sun, and their thirst became excessive. Nauseated with drinking their own urine, they had recourse to sea-water, as the least alleviation of the two. Some of them had likewise the precaution, in a fit of thirst, to jump out of the boat into the sea, and remain there until they had imbibed sufficient moisture to allay the extremity of thirst. This expedient had the desired effect.

No prospect of relief had yet presented itself, and hope was sinking in despair, when on the 9th day after quitting the brig, in lat. 23. long. 65, fell in with the schooner William, Jeremiah Goodrich master, one of the fleet of American vessels from St Thomas's to New-York who took them in, and administered to their necessities in a manner highly honourable to his own prudence. The same day put 3 of them on board a schooner, name unknown, bound to New-York. Next morning Robert Dickie, one of the remaining three, died. Captain Boudett and mate arrived here on Sunday.

A gentleman from Nova Scotia informs that a mutiny had broken out in the British garrison of St. John's, New-Foundland; and that the mutineers after killing a number of their officers took possession of the fort; the remaining officers, however, with the assistance of the militia, retook the fort; and sent a number of the ringleaders away to Halifax. On the passage the mutineers stole on the crew took possession of the vessel, and were steering for the United States, when they fell in with a British cruiser, which captured and conducted them to Halifax. [Bost. Centinel.]

It is calculated (says a late English paper) that from the present fashion of muslin undresses, eighteen ladies have caught fire, and eighteen thousand caught cold!

Extract of a letter from Newport, June 1, received at Boston.

"A Captain of a brig from Nevis to London, but whose vessel proving leaky, was steering for New-York; arrived in this place yesterday informed that since the 20th ult. he had been taken three times in four days, in lat. 35 lon. 67, by two brigs of 22 guns each, and a large scho. all from Gaudaloupe; his brig with her cargo amounting to 70,000 dollars were burnt; he was then put on board of a released vessel, and again taken, and again put on board another released vessel, which was again taken, and again

released and arrived here yesterday. She belonging to our river. The privateers had taken many prizes and laid the object of their cruise was for returning Indianmen and European ships."

Philadelphia, June 7.

Arrived, snow Experiment, Captain E. Kilby, from Passage, last from Coruona where she put in in distress.

The day the Experiment left Coruona it was reported that private letters were received from France, stating that an order had been issued by the First Consul (Bonaparte) to call in all privateers--and was expected to be true.

From the Norfolk Herald of June 5.

As our paper was going to press, Capt. Merry arrived in town from the Brig Iphigenia, 37 days from Belfast. In lat. 37. 10. long. 19. east of Philadelphia, was brought too by La Sophie French frigate, and treated in the most friendly manner. On the 28th May, in lat. 36. 46, was boarded by the French privateer schooner Sans Souci, mounting 14 6 pounders, who plundered the brig of linen to the value of 10,000 dollars; belonging to Mr. Montgomery of Richmond; also destroyed a considerable quantity of furniture belonging to Dr. White of Baltimore; broke open every thing in the hold, tore up the lockers in the cabin, plundered the passengers of their clothes, the captain of 50 guineas, and carried off the letter-bag with 500 letters, many of which were for this place. They put on board the Iphigenia the mate and crew of the sloop industry, Capt. Savage, bound from New- London to the West-Indies with Stock. The privateer then gave chase to a vessel in the N. W. quarter, supposed to be the Experiment, Kilby, from Coruona to Philadelphia 62 days out.

#### FROM THE TRUE AMERICAN.

In looking over the late debates of Congress, upon the trade in human flesh, I was much struck in finding an advocate for that nefarious business in a certain member from Rhode-Island who proposed to open a commercial connection with Africa, and to exchange New-England Rum for the above article of human flesh. In considering this subject, I was led to institute the following rate of barter, in order to enable the member to carry on this trade with perfect ease, and upon terms of exact reciprocity; I say the member of Rhode-Island, for I hope there is not another New-England merchant who would defile his heart or his hands, with this species of commerce.

For a whole full grown male carcass--One hoghead of Rum.

For a whole full grown female carcass--Ditto.

For a male carcass between 15 and 20 years of age--80 gallons of do.

For a female do. between the same years--80 gallons of do.

For male and female carcasses between 10 and 15 years of age--60 gallons each.

For carcasses of both sexes between 5 and 10 years of age--40 gallons each.

For do. between 5 and 1 year old--20 gallons each.

For a whole human lamb under a year old--10 gallons.

For the fore quarters of a full grown carcass--6 gallons.

For the hind quarters of do.--6 gallons.

For the loin of do.--6 gallons.

For the head--4 gallons.

For the liver, lights, and kidneys--3 gallons.

For the tripe--1 gallon.

However disgusting this view of the crime of trading in our fellow creatures may be, the African merchant perpetrates it every day. The beef, the mutton, the pork and the poultry he consumes at his table, are all nothing but different extracts of the tears and sweat and flesh and blood of imported cargoes of his brothers and sisters.

From a London paper of April 25.

Last week died at Perth, ELSPET WATSON, at the great age of 115 years. She was born in the year 1685, in the reign of James II. and is probably the last Scottish subject born in the reign of that Prince. She was undoubtedly one of the smallest, or rather the shortest women in the three kingdoms. When in the prime of her life, she did not exceed two feet nine inches in height. She has not had any other way of living, for many years, but begging her bread from door to door; and so strong a predilection had she for this way of life, that she went her usual rounds till within a few weeks of her death, although she had more than 30l. sterling, of ready cash in her possession when she died.

#### COURT of HYMEN.

THE greatest bliss that tongue can tell,  
Consists alone in chusing well;  
Hence, every rapture to improve,  
Heaven gave us REASON, Nature LEVE.

#### MARRIED

At Amboy, Mr WILLIAM TAYLOR, merchant, of this city, to Miss ANN SMITH, daughter of the late William Smith, Esq. of Woodbury, New-Jersey.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev Dr Pilmore, Mr JOHN KAENS, to ELIZABETH BOWNE, widow of the late Matthew Bowne.

Same evening, by the Rev Mr Abeel, Mr JAMES WOODRUFF, of this city, to Miss MARTHA IRONS, of New-Brunswick.

Same evening, by the Rev Mr Milledoler, Mr SAMUEL MADDEN, to Miss NANCY MARTIN, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev Dr Pilmore, Captain JOHN R. SKIDDY, to Miss ROSETTA TAYLOR, both of this city.

#### DIED.

On Wednesday, the 4th inst. after a long and tedious illness, Mr RALPH P. STANTON, youngest son of Mr Robert Stanton, an old and respectable citizen.

On Friday, the 7th inst. at Philadelphia, after a short illness, Captain HENRY KING. His friends in him lost a man dear to their remembrance, and society a worthy citizen.

#### EPIGRAM.

OBSERVE fair CRETA all in all,  
Mild, beautiful, and young;  
"Tis true; but when her mouth's so small  
It cannot HOLD HER TONGUE."

#### Lottery.

TICKETS REGISTERED and EXAMINED during the drawing of the LOTTERY, at No. 3 Peck-Slip.  
A few Tickets yet for sale.

#### JUST PUBLISHED,

and for sale at John Harrison's Book-Store, Peck-Slip,  
THE FIRST VOLUME OF

#### POEMS,

BY  
SAMUEL LOW.

The second volume is now in the press.

#### PROPOSALS,

By JOHN TIBBOUT, No. 246 Water-street, New-York, for publishing by subscription--

#### TRAVELS,

In the interior Districts of AFRICA, performed under the direction and patronage of the African Association, in the years 1795, 1796 and 1797--

By MUNGO PARK, Surgeon;

With an Appendix, containing Geographical Illustrations of Africa, by Major KENNELL.

#### CONDITIONS.

The work shall be printed with an entire new type, and on fine paper, in an Octavo size, of about 500 pages.

It will be accompanied with a Map, descriptive of the route pursued by Mr. Park over the Deserts of Africa--and delivered to Subscribers, handsomely bound and lettered, at 2 ds. and 50 Cts.

Subscriptions received by the publisher, 246 Water-street, and at this Office.

N. B. The London Edition in Quarto, sells at Twelve and a-half dollars.

#### NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the subscribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Island to Catharine-Slip, (commonly called the NEW FERRY)--And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the strictest attention on both sides, by

STANTON and WATERBERRY.

New-York, May 10.





## COURT of APOLLO.

### A NEGRO SONG.

[FROM MR. FARN'S TRAVELS.]

Verified by the Dukes of Devonshire.

THE loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast;  
The White man yielded to the blast—  
He sat him down beneath a tree,  
For weary, sad, and faint was he!  
And, ah! no Wife or Mother's care  
For him the milk or corn prepare!

CHORUS.

The White man shall our pity share:  
Alas! no Wife or Mother's care,  
For him the milk or corn prepare!

The storm is o'er—the tempest past,  
And Mancey's voice has hush'd the blast;  
The wind is heard in whispers low—  
The White man far away must go!  
But ever in his heart will bear  
Remembrance of the Negro's care!

CHORUS.

Go, White man, go—but with thee bear  
The Negro's wife, the Negro's pray'r—  
Remembrance of the Negro's care!

### GROUND IVY.

NEAR yonder hamlet, in the vale,  
In peace my father's bones are laid;  
O! listen to my ardent call;  
For I am poor, and need your aid.  
Misfortune's 'lorn and helpless child,  
I cally to yon meadows By;  
And there I gather bow-pots wild,  
Or through the streets of London cry,  
Ground ivy, &c.

Though friends and parents all are dead,  
Yet He, who gives the nestlings food,  
Will feed my wants, will give me bread,  
And keep me in the path of good.  
Though some with art my beauty praise,  
And strive my innocence to buy;  
I'll keep me still in virtue's ways,  
And still to every call reply,  
Ground ivy, &c.



### ANECDOTE.

#### IRISH ELOQUENCE.

IN the debate on the leather tax, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, (Sir John Parnell) observed with great emphasis, "That in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his last guinea to protect the remainder." Mr. Vandellure said, that however that might be, the tax on leather would be severely felt by the bare-footed peasantry of Ireland. To which Sir Boyle Roche replied, that this could be easily remedied, by making the UNDER-LEATHERS of wood.

### MINIATURE PAINTING.

MR. PARISEN respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that, from his late improvement in that art, and the great success he has had in the likenesses he has lately taken, he will engage to draw the most perfect likenesses, and finely painted in miniature. Should any of his pictures not prove properly satisfactory in regard to the likenesses or painting, Mr. P. will request no compensation for his trouble. Profiles, and all kinds of hair devices, neatly executed. No. 252 William-Street. 24 if

### M. WATSON

INFORMS the public, she has opened the Store, no. 24 Maiden-Lane, where she has for sale, a large assortment of Ready-Made Linen, of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reasonable terms. NB. Clothiers, and others, supplied with any quantity, on the shortest notice. 27 if

## MORALIST.

### ON DRUNKENNESS.

OF all vices take heed of drunkenness; other vices are but fruits of disordered affections, this disorders, may banish reason; other vices but impair the soul, this demolishes her two chief faculties, the understanding and the will; other vices make their own way, this makes way for all vices: he that is a drunkard is qualified for all vice.

Drunkenness and covetousness do much resemble one another: for the more a man drinks, the more he thirsteth; and the more he hath, still the more he coveteth.

He that goes to the tavern first for company, will at last go there for the love of liquor.

It was a usual saying of a great man, that not one of a thousand died a natural death; and that most diseases had their rise and origin from intemperance: for drunkenness and gluttony steal men off silently and singly; whereas sword and pestilence do it by the lump: but then death makes a halt, and comes to a cessation of arms; but the other knows no stop or intermission, but perpetually jogs on, depopulates insensibly, and by degrees: and though this is every day experienced, yet men are so enslaved by custom and long habit, that no admonition will avail.

### Mrs. SAUNDERS

Has removed her MILINARY from No. 13 to No. 121 William-Street, (the house lately occupied by Mr Benjamin I. Moore) where her customers and others may be supplied as usual, with the following articles, on the lowest terms, viz. Straw Trimmings, Silk and Cotton Gimps and Trimmings, Frogs and Rolets for Ladies Gowns, Silk and Cotton Girdles for the waist—with a general assortment of Milinary as usual. NB. Two or three Apprentices wanted to the above business. May 3. if

### JOHN BLACK,

Book binder, Book-seller and Stationer,

Has removed from No. 3 to No. 31 Cedar-Street, east side of Broadway, where Book-Binding is done in every mode of its branches, with alacrity, both neat and strong.

Wanted, a steady, sober, industrious Journeyman, that is a good workman; and an Apprentice, between fourteen and fifteen years old, of good morals and pretty good education, to learn the Book-Binding, and to attend a Book-Store when occasion requires.

NB. Subscriptions received for Mr. Dunlap's German Theatre.  $\frac{1}{2}$  State Road LOTTERY TICKETS, no. 2, Registered and Examined—warranted correct, or no pay. Old books sold, bought, or exchanged. 24 4w

### FOR SALE,

Five years and a quarter of the time of a NEGRO BOY, about 19 years old; he is a good cook, and can attend at table, and understands taking care of a horse. Enquire of the Printer. May 31. 25.

### SOMERVILLE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

The following New Novels are just received:

AZALAIS and Aimar, a Provincial History of the 15th century, 3 vols. Emily of Lucerne, a Novel, by the author of the Duke of Clarence, 3 vols. Feudal Events, or Days of Yore, 2 vols. Henry of Northumberland, or the Hermit's Cell, a Tale of the 15th century, 3 vols. Harcourt, a Novel, by the author of the Mysterious Wife, 4 vols. Mad Man of the Mountain, a Tale, 2 vols. Romance of the Castle, 2 vols. May 10.

### A MORNING SCHOOL,

FROM 6 till 8, A. M. where YOUNG LADIES who wish to improve in Reading, English Grammar, Elocution, Writing, Arithmetic, the Elements of Astronomy and Geography, the use of the Globes and Maps, will have the strictest attention paid to their instruction, by the subscriber, at his Seminary for Young Ladies, no. 91 Beekman-Street. GAD ELY.

### THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, AND OTHER POEMS,

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Are just published by JONES BULL, no. 403 Pearl-Street, at 50 cents in boards, and 60 cents neatly bound and lettered; and may be had of the following booksellers: Samuel Campbell, 124 Pearl-Street; William Falconer, corner of Pine and Water-Streets; John Harrison, no. 3 Peck-Slip; and John Furman, in Broad-Street, opposite the city-hall.

## NEW NOVELS

For sale by John Harrison, Peck-Slip.

Horrors of Oakendale Abbey. Charlotte Temple, Emilia d'Vermont, or the Necessary Divorce, Alexis, or the Cottage in the Woods, Louisa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor, Ambrose and Eleanor, Sorrows of Wester, Galatea, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes), Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story. Two Cousins, Ambrosio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq; Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne. The Coquette. Children of the Abbey. Wieland, or the Transformation, Ormond, or the Secret Witness. Tom Jones, Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Wester, Camilla. Romance of the Forest. The Italian, Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun, Nature and Art, Gonfalso of Cordova, Arundel, Haunted Priory. Memoirs of a Baroness, Pamela, Simple Story. Man of the World. Fatal Folies, Inquisitor, or Invisible Rambler. Fool of Quality, Mysteries of Udolpho, Mystic Cottage. Select Stories, Count Roderick's Castle, Female Constancy, Edward, Madame d'Barneveldt, Sutton Abbey, Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Fontefene, Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichfield, Baron Trenck Man of Feeling. Telemachus, Citizen of the World, Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random, Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benson, Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Veigry.

### JOHN WESSELLS,

LOOKING GLASS FRAME MAKER,

No. 12 Barclay-Street, near the Roman Chapel,

Has for sale, an assortment of the most fashionable Looking Glasses, with mahogany frames, which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. April 5. 1800. 27 17

### THOMAS PEDLEY,

Perfumer and Hair Dresser,

Respectfully informs the public that he continues his business at no. 219 Water-Street, near Crane-Wharf, where he has for sale, just from London, a complete assortment of Perfumery, and Ladies Brads of all fashions and colours. Gentlemen's Wigs and Scraps made on the shortest notice.

### FILTERING STONES.

A pair of the best quality, extremely useful at sea, for purifying and cooling water, for sale, enquire at this office.

### GEORGE BUCKMASTER,

BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-Street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat Shop from Water-Street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every dimension, and on terms as low as any in New-York. NB. Sweeps and Oars of all sizes.

### ANDREW R. MILLER,

No. 99 William-Street,

IN addition to his assortment of DRY GOODS, he received a handsome assortment of Plain and Spangled paper Fans, richly Spangled Silk do. Plain black Paper and Crapes do. Rich Cloak-Sattin, different colors. Pelings, &c. Fine black and white Laces and Edgings. Fine India Be Madras. Wadding for interlinings. Silk Velvet of different colors. Furniture Dimity. A large assortment of Satin and China Ribbons, worthy the attention of country merchants. 29 if

### KOTZEBUE'S WORKS.

Just published, and for sale at N. Judah's Book Store, No. 47 Water-Street.

PIZARRO, a Tragedy, price 2s. LOVERS VOWS, a Comedy. COUNT BENYOWSKY, do. STRANGER, do.

CONSTANT LOVERS, or William and Jeanette, a Novel, price 6s.

Encomiums on the works of Van Kotzebue would be superfluous. 28-111

An Elegant Assortment of Letters and Commemorative

### MOROCCO POCKET BOOKS,

for sale at no. 3 Peck-Slip.

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